

PROEM.

ROUNDEL.

This lovely rose I send,—
Saved from December's snows:
Will not thy heart befriend
This lovely rose?

Its leaves sweet thoughts inclose, Which richer fragrance lend Than were it a mere rose.

Its sweet-breathed tale, dear friend, Must my fond heart disclose, And make thee comprehend This lovely rose.

Note.—Though the climate of California is semi-tropical, and choice roses grow out of doors the whole winter through, a sudden snow storm will sometimes cover gardens in full bloom with two and three inches of snow. This happened even in San Francisco, December 31, 1882.

- A Christmas Greeting

A COLLECTION OF RONDEAUX AND POEMS

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FRIEDDSDIP ADD AFFECTION.

A Bouquet of California Flowers

BY

JAMES T. WHITE.



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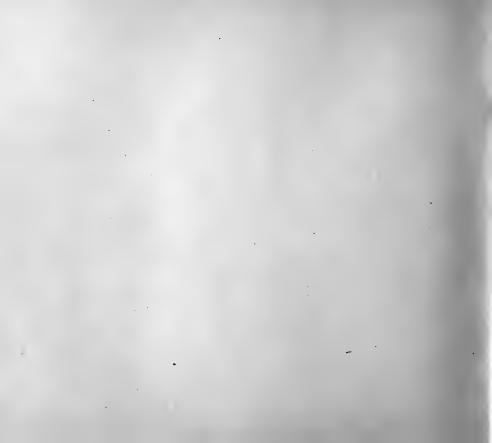
БЕГІОТКОБЕ.

RONDEAU DE DEDICACE.

Dear heart, to you these songs I bring,—
Affection's simple offering,—
And lay them at your feet anew;—
The echoes of sweet thoughts of you
My heart is ever cherishing.

To you such happy memories cling,
My thoughts on eager, rapturous wing,
Take flight in song the whole day through:
The songs are happy songs I sing,
Dear heart, to you.

These songs,—may they a fragrance fling
About your life! Make flowers of spring
On every hand your path bestrew!
They will my happiness renew,
If rest and peace and joy they bring,
Dear heart, to you.



A BOUQUET OF CALIFORNIA FLOWERS.

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Proem.

Heliotrope (Devotion).

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Periwinkles (Pleasing Remembrances):

Immortelle (Immortal Love).

Mariposa Lily (Dependence):

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Lily of the Valley (Return of Happiness):

Orange Blossom (Plighted Faith).

Honeysuckle (Bonds of Love):

Ivy Leaf (Fidelity):

L'Envoi.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

- I.—Fond thoughts of home and olden times Set sail through memory's Golden Gate.
- A thousand white-winged keels Seek haven in your hearts to-night,
- III.— Forget the old farewells
 In greetings brought by Christmas Bells.
 - I .- Ring "Peace on earth, to men good will."
- II.—The Christmas bells ring sweet and clear The loving thoughts of all the year.
- III. -And waft to her the chimes.
- IV.—Tell her my thoughts can ne'er abide Apart from her at Christmas-tide.

Like butterflies upon the breeze.

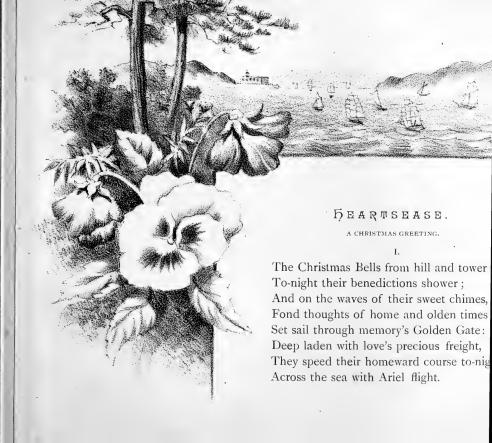
In your song my message bear.

. These bells have rung unceasingly.

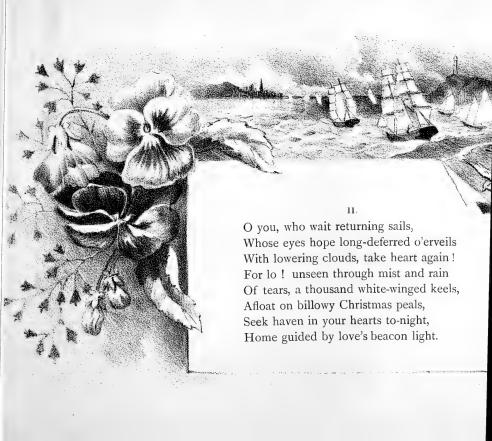
And each succeeding year but brings another flower.

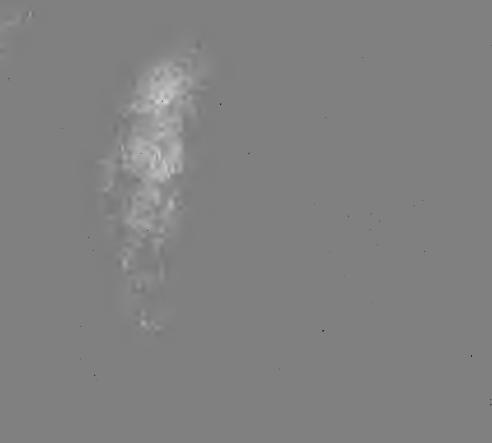
May Love's sweet voice sing to thee !

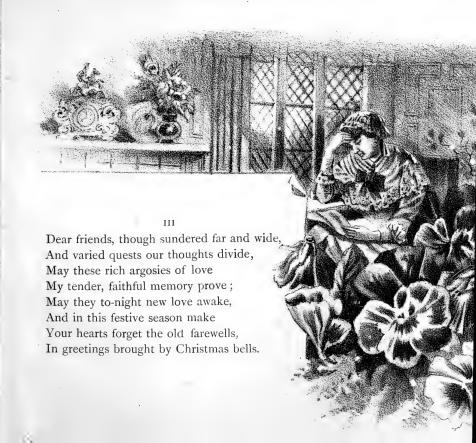




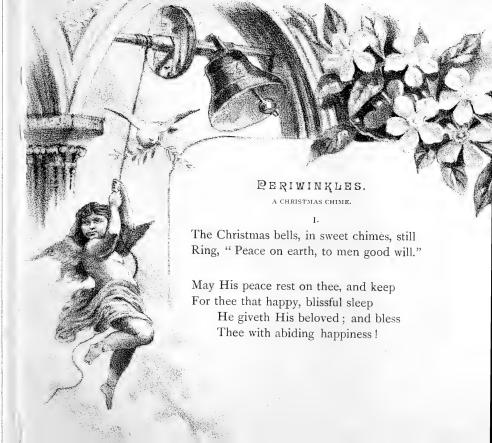




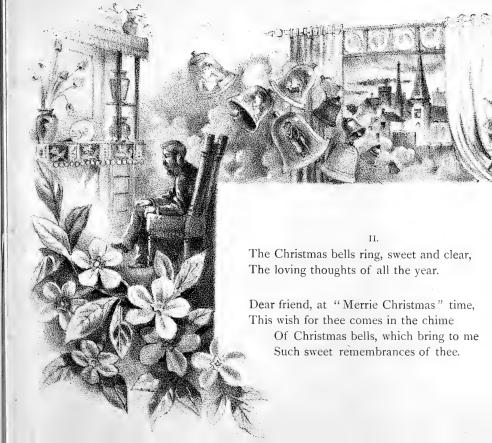








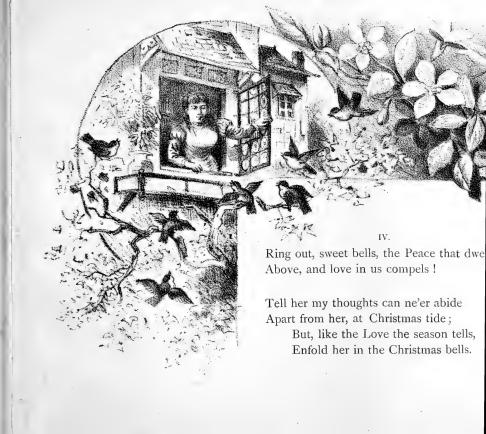














Іммоглецье.

RONDEAU.

If hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
And somewhere, far above the plane
Of earthly thought, beyond the sea
That bounds this life, they will meet thee
And hold thee face to face again.

And when is done Life's restless reign,

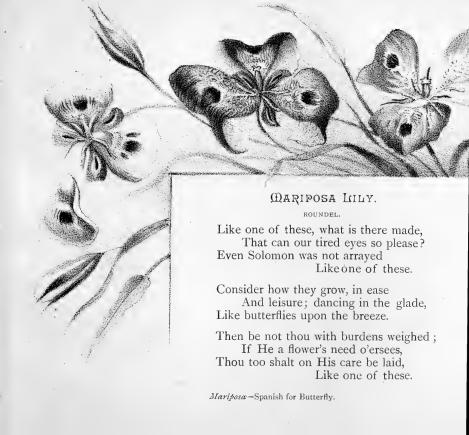
If I hereafter but regain

Heart's love, why should I troubled be,

If hearts are dust?

By Love's indissoluble chain,
I know the grave does not detain
Heart's love. The very faith in me
Is pledge of an eternity,
Where I shall find heart's love again,
If hearts are dust.









WILD FORGET-ME-ROT.

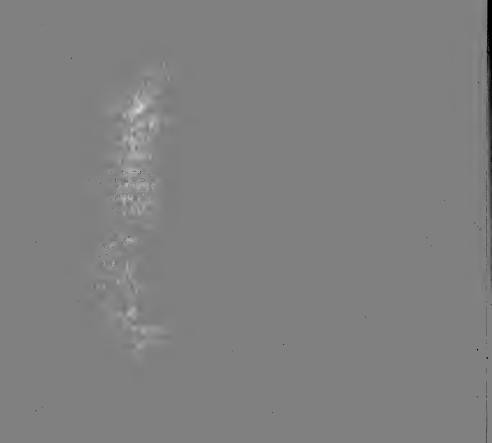
O little birds who sing so much, Teach me the secret of your art, That my poor songs, like yours, may t Her heart!

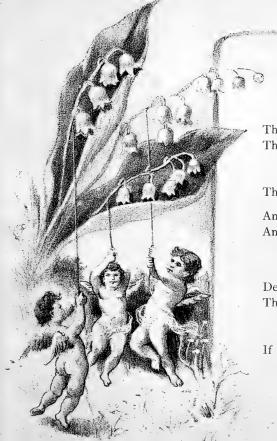
Come from your sheltering retreat,
And in your song my message bea
To her who is so gentle, sweet,
And fair!

With sweetest song, and pinions fleet,
Fly to her window far away,
And her reluctant ear entreat,
And say:—

"We bear his greeting on our wings,—
Fond wishes that this day renew
The happy flowers memory brings
To you:

"May their sweet fragrance ever bless Your heart; wipe all your tears a And bring Life's perfect happiness For aye!"





LILY OF THE VALLEY.

RONDEAU.

The bells were told to ring in glee
The day when first thou cam'st to be
Our home's delight; and in my
By Love's supreme, mysterious a
These bells have rung unceasingly.

And on this day there comes to me Anew the tender memory

Of that sweet joy, which but in The bells were told.

Dear child, in whose sweet eyes I see The Heaven that waits above for me, How far from me would Heaven How comfortless would be my h If through some darkened day for th

The bells were tolled!



ORANGE BLOSSOM.

RONDEAU.

Abide with me, O gentle guest!

Thy presence brings to me sweet rest:

Thy hands bring soothing to my brow:

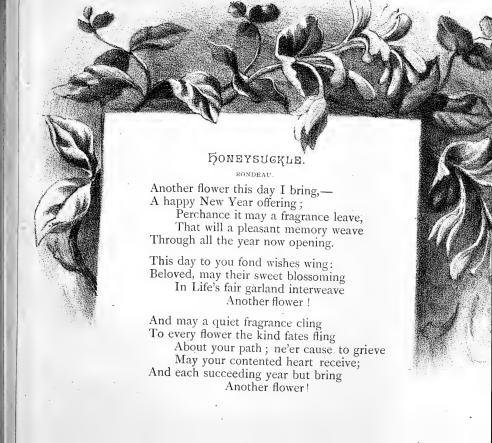
Thy words such sympathy avow,

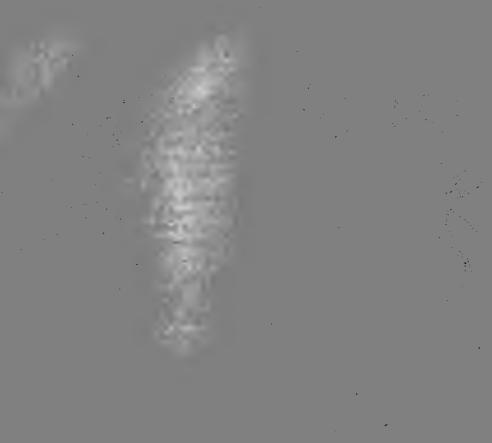
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

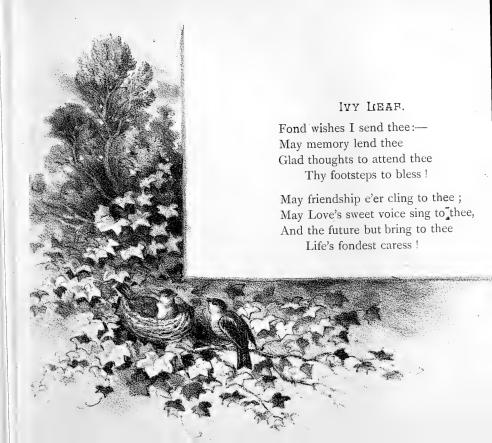
Still fairer shall thy bower be dressed;
Anticipated each request:
One song thy life shall be, if thou
Abide with me.

I would not longer have thee guest;
I cannot hold thee uncaressed
So near my heart: Sweet love, be thou
My queen; Love's tenderest name allow,
And ever in his happy rest
Abide with me!









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R, ENAOI.

Another leaf in Life's mysterious book
To-day is turned. O friend, beloved, I leave
With you these humble flowers to mark the page,
If haply they may give a perfume to
The place, which shall make fragrant all its leaves.









